"It was in Simpson's bar as the row got up, an' that led to the queer thing I was going to tell you of. Alabama Joe and one or two other rowdies were dead on the Britbers in those days, and they spoke their epinions pretty free, though I warned them as there'd be an almighty muss. That particle is a swaggered about the town with his six-shooter, lookin' out for a chance. Then wonder as the body is gone. But air we to shooter, lookin' out for a chance. Then shooter, lookin' out for a chance. Then he turned into the bar where he know'd he'd find some o' the English as ready as he was hisself. Sure enough, there was half a dozen lounging about, an' Tom Scott standin' alone before the stove. Joe sat down by the table, and put his revolver and bowie down in front of him. 'Them's my arginements, Jeff,' he says to me, 'if any white-livered Britisher dares give me the lie.' I tried to stop him, sirs; but he weren't a man say you could easily turn, an' he began to speak in a way as no chap could stand. Why, even a 'Grenser' would flare up it you said as much of Greaserland! There was a him of the middle, and a mounted not stand the body is gone. But air we to stan' by and see English murderin' our own chums? I guess not. Let Jedge Lynch try him, that's what I say.' Lynch him! shouted a hundred angry voices—for all the rag-tag an' bobtail o' the settlement was round us by this time. 'Here, boys, fetch a rope, and swing him up. Up with him over Simpson's door!' 'See here, though,' says another, coming forrards; 'let's hang him by the great flytrap in the gulch. Let Joe see as he's revenged, if so be as he's buried 'bout theer.' There was a shout for this, an' away they went, with Scott tied on his mustang in the middle, and a mounted said as much of Greaserland! There was a his mustang in the middle, and a mounted

men about Arizona, for he was so quiet an' simple-like. There was no party either to take up his grievances, for, as I've been saying, the Britishers hardly counted him saying, the Britishers hardly counted him one of them, and many a rough joke they played on him. He never cut up rough, but was civil to all hisself. I think the bors got to think he hadn't much grit in him till he showed 'em their mistake.

"It was in Simpson's bar as the row got that, an' there lies the man as killed him. Some on you knows as Joe went on business to the guleh last night; he never came back. That 'ere Britisher passed through faster in those days and they spoke their start he'd gone: they'd a row, screams is

amotion at the bar, an' every man laid | guard, with cocked revolvers round him;



THE QUIET ENGLISHMAN HAD HIM COVERED.

his hands on his wepins; but afore they sould draw we heard a quiet voice from the stove: 'Say your prayers, Joe Hawkins; for you're dead man!' Joe turned round, and looked like grabbin' at his iron; but it weren't no manner of use. Tom Scott was standing up, covering him to bone. Seems kinder queer, sirs, hangin' a with his Derringer; a smile on his white man to a flytrap; but our'n were a reg'lar face, but the very devil shining in his eye.

"It ain't that the old country has used me with a hinge between 'em and thorns at the pver-well, he says, but no man shall insult t afore me, and live. For a second his fuger tightened around the trigger, an then be gave a laugh, an' threw the pistel on the floor. 'No,' he says, 'I can't shoot a half-drunk man. Take your dirty life, Joe, an' use it better nor you have done.' He swung contemptuously round, and relit his halt-smoked pipe from the store; while Alabama slunk out o' the bar, with the aughs of the Britishers ringing in his ears. I saw his face as he passed me, and on it I

saw mistace as ne passed me, and on it is saw murder, sirs—murder, as plain as ever is ead anything in my life. "I stayed in the bar after the row and watched Tom Scott as he shook hands with the men about. It seemed kinder queer to me to see him smilin' and cheerful-like; for I knew Joe's blood-thirsty mind, and that the Englishman had small chance of ever seeing the morning. He lived in an out-ofthe-way sort of place, you see, clean off the trail, and had to pass through the Flytrap Gulch to get to it. This here guich was marshy, gloomy place, lonely enough during the day even; for it were always a creepy nort o' thing to see the great eight and tenfoot leaves snapping up if aught touched them; but at night there was never a soul near. Some parts of the marsh, too, were
soft and deep, and a body thrown in would
be gone by morning. I could see Alabama
Joe crouchin' under the leaves of the great Flytrap in the darkest part of the guich, with a scowl on his tace and a revolver in his hand; I could see it, sirs, as plain as

with my two eyes. "Bout midnight Simpson shats up his bar, so out we had to go. Tom Scott started off for his three-mile walk at a slashing pace. I just dropped him a hint as he passed me, for I kinder liked the chap. Keep your Derringer there or about it, I says, for you might chance to need it. He looked round at me with his quiet smile, and then I lost sight of him is the gloom. never thought to see him again. bardly gone afore Simpson comes up to me and says, 'There'll be old hell in the Flytrap Golch to-night, Jeff: the boys say that Bawkins started half an hour ago to wait for Scott and shoot him on sight, calc'inte the coroner'il be wanted

"What passed in the gulch that night? It was a question as were asked pretty free next morning. A hait-breed was in Fergupon's store after daybreak, and he said as he'd chanced to be near the gulch 'bout 1 in the morning. It warn't easy to bet at his story, he seemed so uncommon seared; but he told us at last, as he'd heard the fearfulest screams in the stillness of the night. There weren't no shots, he said, but scream after scream, kinder muffiled, like a man with a serane over his head, an' in immortal pain, Abner Brandon and me, and a few more was in the store at the time; so we mounted and rode out to Scott's house, passing shrough the gulch on the way. There weren't nothing partic'lar to be seen there -no blood nor marks of a fight, nor nothing; and when we gets up to Scott's house, out he comes to meet us as fresh as a lark "Hullo, Jeff! says he, 'no need for the platols after all. Come in an' have a cock-tail, boys.' 'Did ye see or hear nothing as ye come home last night?' says L 'No.' says he; 'all was quiet enough. An owl kinder mouning in the Flytrap Gulch—that was all. Come, jump off and have a glass. Thank ye, says Abner. So off we gets

and Tom Scott rode into the settlement with us when we went back. 'An all-fired commotion was on in Main street as we rode into it. The 'Merican party seemed to have gone clean crazed. Alabama Joe was gone, not a darned ticle of him left. Since he went out into the gulch nary eye had seen him. As we got off our horses there was a considerable prowd in front of Simpson's, and some ugly looks at Tom Scott, I can tell von. There was a clickin' of pistols, and I saw as how fleott had his hand in his bosom, too. There weren't a single English face about. 'Stand aside, Jeff Adams, says Zebb Humphrey, as great a scoundrel as ever lived, 'you hain't got no hand in this game. Bay, boys are we, free Americane, to be murdered by this sort o' scum?' It was the quickest

bottom.

"We passed down the gulch to the place where the great one grows, and there we seed it with the leaves, some open, some shut. But we seed something worse nor that. Standin' round the tree was some 20 men. Britishers all, an' armed to the teeth. They was waiting for us evidently, an' had a business-like look about 'em, as if they'd come for something and meant to have it.
There was the raw material there for about as warm a scrimmidge as ever I seed. "As we rode up, a great red-bearded

Scotchman-Cameron were his name-stoo

out afore the rest, his revolver cocked in his band. 'See here, boys' he says, 'vou've got no call to hurt a hair of that man's head. You hain't proved as Joe is dead yet; and if you had, you haln't proved as Scott killed him. Anyhow, it were in selfdefense; for you all know as he was lying in wait for Scott, to shoot him on sight; so I say agin, you hain't got no call to hurt that man; and what's more, I've got 20 sixbarreled arguments against your doin' it. 'It's an interesting pint, and worth arguin out, said the man as was Alabama Joe's special chum. There was a clickin' of pistols, and a loosenin' of knives, and the two parties began to draw up to one another, an'it looked like a rise in the mortality of Arizona. Scott was standing behind with a pistol at his ear if he stirred, lookin' quiet and composed as having no money on the table, when sudden he gives a start an' a shout, as rang in our ears like a trumpet. 'Joe!' he cried, 'Joe!' Look at him! In the flytrap! We all turned an' looked where he was pointin'. Jerusalem! I think we won't get that picter out of our minds agin.
One of the great leaves of the flytrap, that
had been shut an' touchin' the ground as it
lay, was slowly rolling back upon its hinges. There, lying like an oyster in its shell, was Alabama Joe in the hollow of the leaf. The great thorns had been slowly driven through his heart as it shut upon him. We could see as he'd tried to cut his way out, for there was a slit in the thick fleshy leaf, an' his bowie was in his hand; but it had smothered him was in his hand; but it had smothered him first. He'd lain down on it likely to keep the damp off while he were waitin' for Scott, and it had closed on him as you've seen your little hothouse ones do on a fly; and there he were as we found him, torn and mashed, and crushed into pulp by the great jagged teeth of the man-eatin' plant. There, sirs, I think you'll own that as a

"And what became of Scott?" saked Jack

"Why, we carried him back on our shoulders, we did, to Simpson's bar, and he stood us liquors round. Made a speech, too -a darned fine speech-from the counter. Somethin' about the British lion an' the 'Merican eagle walkin' arm in arm forever an' a day. And now, sirs, that yarn was long, and my cheroot's out, so I reckon I'll make tracks afore it's later;" and with a "Good night!" he left the room.

"A most extraordinary narrative!" said Dawson. "Who would have thought a Dianoa had such power!" "Deuced rum yarn," said young Sinclair

"Evidently a matter-of-fact truthful man," said the doctor. "Or the most original liar that ever lived." said L

I wonder which he was THE END.

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Close to the Skies. The loftiest point so far as yet known to have been attained by a mountain dimber is 23,700 feet, which was acomplished a few years ago by a Mr. Graham in the Himalavas. He states that in spite of the great altitude he did not find any difficulty in breathing, nor did be experience nauses, bleeding at

Responsible for the Earthquakes That Are Occurring Almost Daily.

THE GREAT ONE OF JAPAN

In Which One Part of a Valley Dropped 50 Feet Below Another.

GRADUAL RISE OF THE COAST LINE.

Scientists May Be Able to Give Warning of Great Disturbances.

IMPROVEMENT IN BUILDING METHODS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.1 A day rarely passes that the earth's crust in one place or another is not shaken by earth tremors or earthquakes. Many of these movements are so slight that they are revealed only by the delicate instruments invented to record such disturbances. Mr. De Ballore has recently reported that nearly 400 of them have occurred in a single year in France.

In Japan, the land of earthquakes, there are at least 500 shocks a year, and when these shocks reach the proportions of terrible catastrophies and kill thousands of people 1,000 or 2,000 shakings are added to the average 500. Scientific men are studying earthquakes with a view to learn facts which may enable them to predict the shocks and thus to warn the people of earthquake countries. They are studying the effects of earthquakes with a view to perfecting rules for building and living in earthquake countries.

A Report on the Great Earthquake. The lessons learned from the last great earthquake in Japan have been made known in the reports of Prof. John Milne and will be indicated in this article. It is in Japan and Italy that the science of seismology has made greatest progress. For eight or ten years the Japanese have employed a force of scientific men, headed by Prof. Milne, for the special purpose of studying earthquake phenomena.

The great disturbance occurred about the

center of Japan in the island of Hondo, Prefectures of Aichi and Gifu, on October 28, last year. The district which was most severely shaken extends over 4,200 square miles. Within this area the destruction of miles. Within this area the destruction of buildings and engineering works was com-plete. The area in which buildings were affected reaches from Tokio on the east to Kobe on the west, over 24,000 square miles.

The disturbance was felt from Sendai in tal movements.

the north to Nagasaki in the south, over an

area of 92,000 square miles. Hills form the margin of the devasted plain which was covered with rice fields, dotted with woodlands and hamlets, and streaked with four large rivers. The Nagoya-Gifu plain was

one of Japan's great gardens. Ten thousand

people lost their lives, and 100,000 houses

A Sudden Drop of Fifty Feet.

The particular cause that precipitated

the calamity is now probably revealed. This cause is illustrated by one of the very

interesting photographs made for the University of Japan, from which fine photogravures have just been published in Yoko-

hama under the superintendence of Prof. Milne. The entire Western side of the Neo

valley suddenly sank from 20 to 50 feet below the east side. Our picture shows the line of dislocation. The vertical displace-ment here is 20 to 25 feet. Dr. B. Koto has traced this fault for more than 40 miles.

The mountains on the west side of the valley seem to have shrunk proportionally,

and points beyond them which were invisi

ble before the carthquake are now in view. There is little doubt that it was this sudden falling inward of the country on the west side of the Neo Valley which caused the terrible disaster. The vibrations produced

by this sudden sinking of the earth spread through the surrounding districts, and

other rocks in a state of unstable equilib-

Mountains Are Still Being Formed.

This sudden sinking of a large surface area was probably brought about in this way. We know that the coast line of Japan

is rising. We know this may mean that the process of mountain formation is still in op-

gether of the earth's crust the upper strata

have in some cases been crumpled up to one-third their original length. On account of the variety of materials constituting the earth's crust we cannot suppose this action to be uniform and now and then the strata,

efusing to be further bent, collapse with

crash and possibly a slip which shakes the earth. This was the probable cause of the displacement in the Neo Valley and of all

the trouble that followed it.

Whether science will be able to triumph

so far as to predict the time of earthquakes

and forewarn the people, is a question.

Prof. Milne and his assistants are industriously working to this end. It is known

In 1843 a bishop of Ischia observed a change in the character of the mineral waters, torewarned the people of the coming earthquake and thus saved many livea. The Capuchin Fathers saw that a lake near their door had become frothy and turbulent, and pradicted the sheet of 1851 at Medical

their door had become frothy and turbulent, and predicted the shock of 1851 at Melpi. A prisoner at Lima heard underground noises which led him to predict the destruction of that city, one of the worst earthquake catastrophies on record. The inhabitants of Iquique were terrified by loud subterranean noises before the earthquake of 1868, and underground sounds led farmers to predict the earthquake of 28

armers to predict the earthquake of St. Remo in 1831.

that earthquakes have been predicted. Earthquakes Have Been Predicted.

eration. We know that in this crushing to

rium gave way.

were leveled with the plain.

in studying instruments recording earth tremors, but have never yet succeeded in foretelling the arrival of an earthquake. "Still" says Prof. Milne, "we do not

Suggestions for Better Buildings.

The study of the last earthquake in Japan is, however, resulting in new and important suggestions for lessening the damage done by such disasters. One of our pictures shows the ruin wrought at Biwajima, and the scene is typical of the appearance of hundreds of towns. The houses, some tiled and some with thatched roofs tell clear and some with thatched roofs, tell along the street much as a row of dropped cards would fall. Here and there buildings fell across the street and the road was impassable. Soon after the observers in Japan's service had studied the effect of this earthquake upon buildings, revised and im-proved rules were prepared for future building, and it is said that these rules are receiving close attention from many builders in the devastated area.

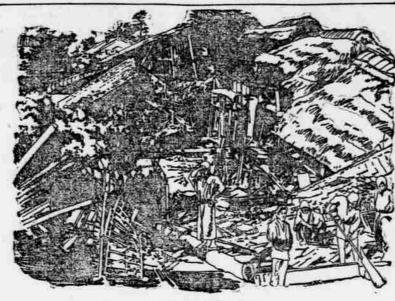
It was found that the river banks and the edges of cliffs where the forward swing of the free face was naturally large were dangerous sites for buildings. River banks and the edges of bluffs are for the most part

tipped until they met each other and then settled back to their places. We might dismiss this story as a fantasy of the middle ages were it not for the frightful catastro-phy at Tasch in Northwestern Persia in phy at Tasch in Northwestern Fersia in 1890, when, the few survivors say, two mountains bent their tops until they "kissed one another," and the hamlet be-tween them forever disappeared from view. Considering the wide area over which last year's convulsion in Japan spread com-plete devastation, and its effects upon the strongest engineering works, we must con-dude that these earth movements were among the most stupendous that have ever been recorded. CYRUS C. ADAMS.

MINE ENEMY.

PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR ! I liked him not; upon his face,
Stern, grave and silent, I could trace
The signs of doubt and discontent
In every strong, wrought lineament,
He passed me in the crowded town,
With eyes asiant and head bowed down;
He had no snile, no word for me,
And so, I said—"mine enemy!"

The swift years passed, in sun and shade, Around my door my children played;



RUINS AT BIWAJIMA.

now being avoided as sites for buildings in Japan. It was also observed again that the movements at the bottom of a pit or in a shallow railway cutting were less than those upon a natural surface. This is leading hulders to dis foundations decree the street of the str upon a natural surface. This is leading builders to dig foundations deeper, raising the superstructure on basement walls. Structures of wood built on European models withstood the shocks better than ordinary Japanese dwellings.

Arches Will Not Stand the Strain. In some places railroad tracks were carried on arches over the country roads. The arches were destroyed showing the unsuita-bility of arches to resist horizontal disturbances. Japan, Italy and several other earthquake countries, have now forbidden the building of ordinary arch work. Arches are exceedingly strong in resisting loads placed above them but readily fall

The picture of the railroad track throws

an interesting light upon the nature of the earthquike motion. We see that either the

rails and sleepers were moved back and forth on their gravel bed or else they re-

naised at rest and the ground moved under

them. The result of this motion was to

pile up the ballast between the sleepers so

that it presents the appearance of a series

of huge bolsters. The extent of motion-was five to six inches. Another curious feature

was the serpent-like bending of the line. It seems as if the country here and in many

other places was subjected to longitudinal compression. At each of these bends

though not shown in the picture, there is a slight depression in the contour of the

country which possibly may mark the line

One day we felt a shadow fall Across the threshold, in the hall A coffin stood, and lying there A face, sweet, marble-like, and fair, The darling of our home was dead I And while our bitter tears were shed, I heard a step, and rose to see Before my door-"mine enemy!"

I looked and all my soul was stirred I looked and all my soul was stirred
With many a bitter thought and word:—
"He comes to mock me in my woe;
He scoffs at love he does not know;
He hates me, and his presence here
Pro anes the dead upon the bier!
A curse, let this his welcome be;"—
And so I cursed "mine enemy!"

When evening came and earth was still, Beneath the star-light, on the hill, Beside that little grave I crept, And bowed my head, and mourned and wept.
And, as I knelt some flowers to twine, Behold, a strauger's hand touched mine! I clutched it, frantic, rose to see, There by that grave—"mine enemy!"

"What dost thou here?"—in wrath, I said—
"What dost thou here beside my dead?
This place is holy, like a shrine,
The right to worship here is mine.
Why come you here to mock my woef
My grief is sacred, treat it so.
Thou hast no love for mine or me,
Leave me to weep, "mine enemy!"

With flaming words my wrath outbroke, with fiaming words my wrath outbroke
But he, he turned and gently spoke:
"Forgive me, if I do you wrong.
I loved your child—and love is strong:
My heart with mighty grief was dumb,
For mine has been a childless home.
My heart was hungry—God judge me—
I never was your enemy.

"I watched her as she played before The golden sunlight of your door; I would have given worlds to feel The Joys I saw your face reveal. And when she died, I came and stood Have given all I have to place One flower upon that sweet, cold face.

"The flowers you found upon her grave were mine, I brought them here, and gave Each night long hours of love to her, For I, too, was her worshiper."
My head bowed low, upon my cheek
The hot tears gushed, I could not speak.
His hand clasped mine, we knelt, for she
Had robbed me of "mine enemy."

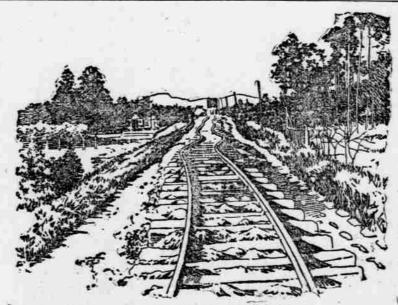
BYLON W. KING. PITTABURG, September, 1894.

KLEPIOMANIA IN LIFEBATURE.

Trials of Good Authors Due to Plagia rizing Parasitos.

The Gentleman's Magazine. J The success of Henry Mackenzie's sentimental novel, "The Man of Feeling," was very great. Eccles, a young Bath clergyman, availing himself of the circumstances that the author's name was very little known, transcribed the whole work, with erasures, corrections, smears and smudger copy, gave himself out to be the author, and adhered to his pretension with so much pertinacity that Mackenzie's publishers were compelled to adopt legal measures to vindicate his claim. In our time we have seen a similar fraud attempted with regard

to "Adam Bede." Among French writers no one has carried



THE TWISTED BAILBOAD TRACK.

of an ancient water course. The track crossing such depressions would be crossing lines of weakness where yielding would be relatively easy and the total movement was greater, bending the track in and out. A Forest Moved Sixty Feet.

The greatest destruction took place along the river banks, which, being unsupported on one side, were shot forward into the river. A curious thing was observed at one place where the river bank was entirely gone for a couple of hundred feet. A large bamboo grove and a few pine trees had stood some distance back of the bank. This little forest was pushed forward a distance of 60 feet and yet all the bamboos and trees re-

The stupendous movements to which parts of the earth's crust are sometimes subjected almost pass belief. It is said that in the great earthquake of 1783, among the Calabrian mountains of Southern Italy, some of the mountain summits rose and fell with "a hopping movement."

Bemo in 1831.

But all these premonitory signs of coming earthquakes are inconclusive and unreliable. With the aid of microphones and telephones in Japan, the observers have listened to many noises, and spent years Mountains Tipping to Each Other The chroniclers of the great convulsion in Southeast Germany in 1343, whose astonishing effects are still to be seen in the Gail Valley, reported that two great mountains

the profession of the literary brigand to such an extent as Mme. de Genlia. In 1830 her evil ways brought her into the courts of law under very discreditable circumstances. Bout, the publisher of a series of Manuals, engaged her, for a sum of £16, to write a "Manuel Encyclopedique de l'Enfance."

The manuscript, which had been paid for, was discovered to be an exact copy of the book of the same kind published in 1820 by M. Dassacha. Another time she experiented to a Paris navage. other time she contributed to a Paris news-paper a feuilleton which turned out to be a close reproduction of a romance printed some twenty years before. Surely the poor woman suffered from literary klepto-mania.

Imposing on Passengers. A wine merchant in Cadis, whose repu tation is unimpeachable, makes the astounding disclosure that animitation brand of sherry is furnished in immense quantities to one of the largest mail steamship companies in the world" at the low price of 4% to be to unfit to drink, is sold to passengers at tralve times its cost.

HARRITY IS SUPREME. Invested With More Absolute Power Than Any Chairman in History. QUIET BUT VERY HARD WORKER. Why Senator Gorman Didn't Make a Fight

for Cleveland in 1888. STARS IN THE DEMOCRATIC SKIES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Chairman William F. Harrity, of the Democratic National Committee, like his rival, Chairman Carter, of the Republican Committee, is a new and striking figure in national politics. Both Harrity and Carter are young men, Harrity a little overand Carter a little under 40: both are of Irish descent, both are lawyers and both in the brief space of five years have become prominent and masterful figures in the political world.

But here the resemblance between the two men ceases. Carter is short, blonde and spare, and has the shrewd and good humored face of a New England Yankee, while Harrity is a six-footer, large of limb and broad of shoulders, with handsome oval face, keen grey eye, and curly brown hair. He is somewhat careless in his dress, throws his shoulders forward when he walks, and his gait is a loose and rolling one. His admirers say that he is not only bold and dashing, but suave and diplematic as well, and that while his disposition is easy going he is one of the staunchest of friends and one of the best of haters. His manner is quiet but marked by ease and confidence; he has the personal magnetism that wins and holds friends without seeming effort, and the straightforward manner in which he looks at you when he is talking to you shows that his nature is a frank and open

Harrity Once Taught Latin. Chairman Harrity's career has been in many respects a remarkable one. He was born in Wilmington, Del., and received his education there and Philadelphia, whence his parents moved while he was yet in his



Chairman William F. Harrity.

teens. He was graduated at La Salle col-lege in 1870, with first honors, and later taught Latin there for a year. But the finally entered the office of the late Lewis C. Cassidy. The latter, who was an astute politician as well as an able lawyer, taught his students both politics and law. Harrity was admitted to the bar in 1873, becoming an assistant in the office of his preceptor, and at once began to take a hand in local political management. He first carried his division, and then his word, and finally in 1882 was made chairman of the Democratic City Committee in Philadelphia. He organized the Democratic party in



Henry Watterson.

organized before, and had much to do with the election of the first Democratic Governor Pennsylvania had seen in many vears. This Democratic Governor was Robert E. Pattison, who had been Mr. Harrity's fellow student in the office of Mr. Cassidy. In 1884 Mr. Harrity was a delegate at-large to the Democratic National Convention, being the youngest man ever

accorded that honor in Pennsylvania. Harrity's Record as Postmaster. Following the election of Mr. Cleveland he was on the recommendation of Samue J. Randall, whose warm friend he was, appointed postmaster of Philadelphia and accepted the office, temporarily abandoning a law practice which, since he engaged in business for himself in 1886, had grown to handsome proportions. As postmaster Mr. Harrity showed himself to be a thorough believer in the doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils, and when his term of of-fice ended he was the idol of the Pennsylvania Democracy. He returned to his law practice in the spring of 1889, and also be-came the head of the Philadelphia Trust Company, but continued to take an active part in politics.

In the summer of 1890 Mr. Harrity executed one of those master strokes in politics which show real genius. He saw that the only hope of success in the Pennsylvania State election lay in the nomination of Pat-tison for Governor. His relations with Pattison were not of the friendliest nature, but this did not matter, and without warning or consultation he announced himself as the leader of the Pattison forces. He personally led the fight, and in the State Convention held in Scranton won with ease, though he was opposed by that veteran and sagacious politician, William A. Wallace. Pattison was elected and made Harrity his Secretary of State.

Pattison Might Have Beaten Cleveland. Harrity has been from the first the most forceful factor in the administration of his chief. The leadership of his party in Penn-sylvania, gained at the Scranton convention, he has also easily retained. Following the death of William L. Scott he was shosen the Pennsylvania member of the Democratic National Committee. At the he secured the election of a Cleveland delegation and the adoption of the unit rule. His success in this convention showed him to be the most powerful Democrat in his

At Chicago he was after William C.

Whitney, the most adroit and forceful of the Cleveland leaders. That Missouri dropped Morrison and desided to vote solid for Cleveland, and that Indiana finally concluded to drop Gray and support the ex-President was due in the main to the efforts of Harrity. At any time during the convention, had he chosen to subordinate his fidelity to Mr. Cleveland to his personal ambitions, he could have scored a memorable triumph. It was possible for him to have beaten Cleveland by making Pattison the rallying dark horse candidate, and re-peatedly the anti-Cleveland men offered him 300 votes for Pattison to start with, if Pennsylvania would have put the Gov-



ernor in the field, but all of these offers he steadfastly refused. Mr. Harrity's work at Chicago marked him as the man best fitted to manage the Democratic campaign, and his election to the Chairmanship of the National Committee followed in due time, Mr. Harrity is happily married and the father of four children.

Doesn't Hurry but Accomplishes Much. Chairman Harrity is a goodly man to look upon and a pleasant man to talk with. Without ever seeming to be in a hurry, he is a man of industrious habits and a tireless worker. When at home in Philadelphia he works from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and he follows the same rule here in New York. He is at his desk at national headand he follows the same rule here in New York. He is at his desk at national headquarters by eight in the morning, cats his lunch while at work and does not leave until dinner time. He despises red tape and useless formalities; those who have business with him can see him without tiresome waits, and there is about Democratic headquarters a general air of freedom from restraint that is in itself most pleusing. Chairman Harrity greets his visitors cordially, instantly puts them at their case and before the interview is enied wins their hearty good will. He has the gift of grasping quickly and clearly the salient feature of any matter under discussion, makes decision promptly yet cautionally and rarely blunders. He is able to plan as well as execute bold and daring measures, detects at a glance any wavering or weakness in the lines of bettle, and is seldom if ever caught napping by his enemies. He believes in practical politics—there is nothing of the sentimentalist about him—and he regards discipline and organization as the first essentials of success. The standard-bearers of the Democracy have shown their great trust in Mr. Harrity and their confidence in his sagacity in a striking manner. He has been invested with more absolute power than has ever been wielded by any chairman of a national committee, and he is leader of his committee in fact as well as in name. Success in the present campaign will for that reason mean much to him in a personal way and defeat will mean more. mean more.

His Lieutenants in the Fight. Chairman Harrity is aided in the discharge of his duties by a secretary, a treasurer and a campaign committee of nine. The secre-tary of the committee is S. P. Sheerin, a veteran campairner, who used to be a successful editor in Indiana. The treasurer of the committee is Robert B. Roosevelt, who is a man of wealth and culture, and belongs to one of the old Knickerbocker families. He is fond of politics, but fonder still of fishing, and for many years has been known as the American Isaac Walton. Mr. Reosevelt has an abundance of tact, his good humor is never failing and as a collector of campaign funds he is most successful.

Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, who was Postmaster General under Cleveland, is Chairman of the Campaign Committee. He son the sunny side of 50, and is famous for his affable manners and his luxuriant side whiskers. He is of an extremely nervous

whiskers. He is of an extremely nervous temperament, but in voice and action is deliberate and sedate. At his suggestion a branch of the national headquarters has been opened in Chicago, and the Western battle is being conducted at close range. The Ablest of Them All.

The Ablest of Them All.

Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, is the third member of the Campaign Committee. Sanator Gorman is regarded by many shrewd observers as the ablest political strategist the Democratic party possesses. He is now 52 years old, of medium height and build, strong, clean-shaven face, a jaw that indicates both resolution and determination, hair fast growing gray and keen blue eyes which look through and through you without betraying the thoughts or emotions of their owner. His habits have always been abstemious, he has never known the taste of intoxicating liquor and his self-control is perfect. Senator Gorman loves excitement and the harder the fight the greater the pleasure which he derives loves excitement and the harder the fight the greater the pleasure which he derives from it, but he is always a man of action rather than of words, and as a political fighter excels in adroitness and finesse. To him more than to any other man was due the election of Cleveland in 1884.

In October, 1888 it is said on excellent authority, he was sent for by President Cleveland, and asked by the latter to come to



Senator Arthur P. Gorman.

New York and again assume personal charge of the national campaign. This he agreed to do, provided the President would remove Pearson from the postmastership of New York; Judd from the postmastership of Chicaço, and Graves from the postmostership of Chicaço, and Engraving at Washington and Printing and Engraving at Washington and Appoint tried and acceptable Democrats in their places. Cleveland consented to only one of the conditions named, the remousle of the New York and Harrison was elected. This year it is safe to say that, after William C. Whitney, Senator Gorman is the man whose counsel Chairman Harrity, seeks most frequently and gives the greatest weight.

Lieutenant Governor William F. Sheehan is the representative of the New York Democracy on the Campaign Committee. Sheehan is only 31 years old, but has for years been active and prominent in politics. Senator Matt W. Ransom, of North Carolina, represents the Southern Democracy on the Committee, Ransom was a Major General in the Confederate army, has been in the Senate since 1872, and is counted one of the handsomest men in public life. When in Washington he always dresses in the latest style, but when campaigning in North Carolina affects butternut suits and flannel shirts. It catches the grangers. In former campaigns Henry Watterson has been a familiar figure about headquarters, keeping a close eye on Southern interests, but this year for some reason he has not been Northward.

THE SKILLFUL LIAR

Is the Man Who Receives the Greatest Homage in Far-Off China.

HOW - THIEVES ARE PUNISHED.

Most of the Mongolians Still Insist That the Farth Is Flat.

METHODS OF THE COOLIE PEDDLERS

SHANGHAI, Aug. 30 .- I find utter ignorance in the rural districts in China. They have no newspapers, no postal service and no books. Their knowledge of geography ends with the neighborhood in which they live. They believe the world to be flat. They cannot understand the motives of the missionary. A Chinaman came to the Rev. Mr. Wilson at Hanknow and saked very quizzieally:

"Where you come from?" "From America," answered the missionary. "Where is America?" "O, just opposite Chins, on the other

side of the world." "Which way you go?" "You can go east or west and get thera"
"No can do," said the Chinaman. "No

can go in opposite directions and reach same place." I don't believe 50 Chinamen in China, outside of Pekin diplomatic circles, ever heard about our new law excluding Chinamen from America. They don't care anything about it. There is no patriotism in China. If there were an invasion from Japan not a Chinaman would move till

someone began to tread down his rice. Lying Is an Accomplishment.

There is no honesty among rural Chinamen. They all steal anything that they can carry away without being seen. A farmer never leaves a plow or a hoe in the field. It would be stolen. Each man guards his own property, and it is a case of the "survival of the fittest." A Chinese rural family usually consists of from twenty to forty people, all related. The family government is patriarchal. A small family would not dare to live isolated. In the big crities murder and theft are about the only crimes punished. Every Chinaman lies, and the man who is the most skillful liar is considered the best man. Punishment for theft is made by locking a heavy wooden collar around a man or woman's neck, and exposing them to the gaze of the people.

It is amusing to buy things in China. The Coolies in Shanghal constantly sur-round you with baskets of bric-a-brac and carios. One will hold up a white Kinkiang bottle vase, twenty inches high, decorated with dragons and worth about \$15 in New

with dragons and worth about 515 in New York, and say pleadingly:

"What you givee?"

"No want him, John."

"He velly good—lookee, five claws—
(pointing to the five-clawed dragon) velly old curio. What you givee?"

"How much want, John?"

"Ten dolla." "No, too much." "What you givee?" "Oh, two dollars." A Deal of Difference in Price. "Yank! chi!! hop! kee!! no can have," vell the whole crowd of curio sellers disdainfully. When the howling subsides John holds up the vase again and says:

"What you givee?"
"Nothing. I don't want it Get out?"

"What you givee?"
"Oh, a dollar," I say, walking away.
Then there is a hurried consultation



The Punishment for Stealing.

the man runs after us holding out the vase as he cries:
"Can havee! Can havee!" The most provoking thing in China is the money question. The only coin issued by the nation is "cash" or brass pieces with holes in them. It takes ten of them to make a cent and 1,000 to make a dollar. If you should go shopping with Chinese money it would take a jiuriksba to carry your purse. There being no silver coin issued by the Government, the Mexican dollar has crowded its way in. This fluctuates in value every day. To-day it is 65, to-morrow it may be 63 or 70. Nine out

of every ten of the Mexican dollars have

been tampered with by either cutting or drilling. Counterfeits are everywhere. The Stores Stamp the Money. Each store stamps every dollar it pays out with a private stamp. If it isn't good you can take it back. Sometimes the poor dollar has been stamped so much that it is unrecognizable as a Mexican coin, but the store or bank which has put on the last stamp must redeem it. The counterfelting Chinese have ruined the Mexican dollar Chinese have ruined the Mexican dollar, the only currency they had. It is a dollar now without a country behind it; no, not even a friend. The Chinese have free coinage. Anyone can make what they call a tael piece. This is a chunk of silver shaped like a Chinese woman's little shoe. The piece is worth about six Mexican dollars, but it goes up and down with the price of silver in America.

silver in America.

It is the poor that are losing by this vitiated money and not the rich. I believe if I could see an American dollar now with a nation behind it, always true, always worth a dollar, that I could press it to my lips and kiss it. Americans, do keep your dollar sacred! Keep the nation behind it.

The Energetic Jinriksha Men. The Chinese jinriksha is just like the Japanese. Japan stole her religion, art and literature from China, and China has stolen the jinriksha, or baby carriage, from Japan A horse is a rare animal in Shanghai. Men haul both people and merchandise.

The jinriksha men are wild with delight

when they can make 40 cents a day drawing us around Shanghai. They seem to know intuitively where we want to ride to and always start off on a jaunty run. The hardest thing is to get them to turn around and return. They know if they get us a good way from the hotel that they'll have to bring us back. Yesterday they seemed bent on running clear through Shanghai into the open country, and before we knew it we were riding over broken levees, past grave mounds and in among the farm houses. When we would say, "John, go back," the jinriksha man would look up pleadingly and reply: "Littee more. No muchee far. Jes a littee more far." ELI PERKINS.

Purses Shaped Like Hearts.

Heart-shaped purses are being sold. They are small, made of leather, and the entire side is covered with a gold monogram. Attached to the summer girl's chatelaine is a heart-shaped case of openwork gold.

Into this she slips the bright red purse, which, it need not be said, is much heavier when she first trips abroad than when